
ILLUSTRATED PRESS

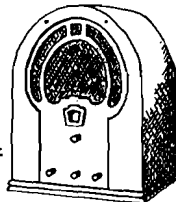
EST. 1975

NO. 92 - MAY 1984



CASEY CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER

THE OLD TIME



RADIO CLUB



**THE OLD TIME RADIO CLUB
MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION:**

Club dues are \$17.50 per yr. from Jan. 1 through Dec. 31. Members receive a tape listing, library lists, a monthly newsletter (The Illustrated Press), an annual magazine (Memories), and various special items. Additional family members living in the same household as a regular member may join the club for \$5.00 per year. These members have all the privileges of regular members but do not receive the publications. A junior membership is available to persons 15 years of age or younger who do not live in the household of a regular member. This membership is \$10.00 per year and includes all the benefits of a regular membership. Regular membership dues are as follows: if you join in Jan. dues are \$17.50 for the year; Feb., \$17.50; March \$15.00; April \$14.00; May \$13.00; June \$12.00; July \$10.00; Aug., \$9.00; Sept. \$8.00; Oct. \$7.00; Nov. \$6.00; and Dec. \$5.00. The numbers after your name on the address label are the month and year your renewal is due. Reminder notes will be sent. Your renewal should be sent in as soon as possible to avoid missing issues. Please be certain to notify us if you change your address.

OVERSEAS MEMBERSHIPS are now available. Annual dues are \$29.50. Publications will be air mailed.

THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS is the monthly newsletter of The Old Time Radio Club headquartered in Buffalo, N.Y. Contents except where noted, are copyright ©1983 by the OTRC. All rights are hereby assigned to the contributors. Editor: Richard A. Olday; Assistant Editor: Jerry Collins; Production Assistance: Arlene Olday; Production Manager; Willie Dunworth. Published since 1975. Printed in U.S.A.

CLUB ADDRESSES: Please use the correct address for the business you have in mind. Return library materials to the library addresses.

CLUB DUES:

Jerry Collins
56 Christen Ct.
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086
(716) 683-6199

ILLUSTRATED PRESS (letters, columns etc.) & OTHER CLUB BUSINESS:

Richard Olday
100 Harvey Drive
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086
(716) 684-1604

REFERENCE LIBRARY:

Pete Bellanca
1620 Ferry Road
Grand Island, N.Y. 14072
(716) 773-2485

TAPE LIBRARY

Francis Edward Bork
7 Heritage Drive
Lancaster, N.Y. 14086
(716) 683-3555

BACK ISSUES: All MEMORIES and IPs are \$1.00 each, postpaid. Out of print issues may be borrowed from the reference library.

Chuck Seeley
294 Victoria Blvd.
Kenmore, N.Y. 14217

The Old Time Radio Club meets the second Monday of the month (September through June) at 393 George Urban Boulevard, Cheektowaga, New York. Anyone interested in the "Golden Age of Radio" is welcome to attend and observe or participate. Meeting starts at 7:30 p.m.

DEADLINE FOR IP #93 - May 14
#94 - June 11
#95 - July 19

ADVERTISING RATES FOR MEMORIES

\$30.00 for a full page
\$20.00 for a half page
\$12.00 for a quarter page

SPECIAL: OTR Club members may take 50% off these rates.

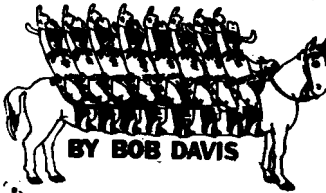
Advertising Deadline - September 15th

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN NAME AND ADDRESS FOR THE TAPE LIBRARY AND CLUB DUES.

Cover Design by Eileen Curtin

SAY!

WHO WAS THAT NAKED MAN?



Greed! All consuming and insatiable greed! That's what it was. There was a time in my life when I would trade for anything.

Out of nowhere a block of shows would show up that I really didn't care for, but I would trade for them anyway - just for the sake of getting them into my collection. A lot of these programs would sit on the shelf and years would go by without me ever once listening to them for any length of time. Certainly not long enough to actually sit down and possibly give them a chance to be enjoyed.

Recently, due to what seems to be a continuing breakdown of my tape decks, my trading has been down to almost nothing and I've been digging out some of these old, and almost forgotten, parts of my collection. You know, it's like finding a five dollar bill stuck in a pocket of an old jacket. It's a pleasant surprise.

Now that the rush is off for "new" Suspenses, Lux Radio Theaters, Escapes, or other of my favorites, I've been discovering the joys of Official Detective, My Friend Irma, Box 13, and a slew of others. Some are downright lousy. The Avenger, in my book, will never rise above the level of out and out trash. On the other hand, the program Jeff Regan, Private Investigator, is terrific. Lately I've been rationing them out, trying to make my meager supply of them last.

There are, thankfully, others that I've discovered. Oh I've known that I've had them, and I knew what they were generally about, but they were there just to be listened to if somebody ordered them on a trade. Not there to be enjoyed on their own. This was a mistake on my part. I've tried to build my collection into one that anyone could enjoy, and then I don't enjoy it myself!!

To use an old, worn cliché, I've stopped to smell the flowers. It's sometimes a heady and delightful experience.

The bottom line to this whole piece is that you should go back over your collections and see just how good you've got it. You might be pleasantly surprised!

**'PORTIA
FACES LIFE!'**

THE STORY OF A
WOMAN'S FIGHT
IN A WORLD
OF MEN

TUNE IN to this thrilling, new, fast-moving radio drama... portraying the life of courageous Portia Blake... a beautiful widow... the mother of a 9-year-old boy... a woman lawyer... who fights to gain her place in a man's world!

WABC • 4:00 P.M. EST
MON. THRU FRI.

★ TONIGHT! ★

*Laughs
Moore*

**DANNY
KAYE**

for **CAMEL
CIGARETTES**

WIBX--7:30 P. M.

TONIGHT AT 8:30

—dial CBS .950 @ WIBX
DR. CHRISTIAN

Program Notes

Spring is here - I think! - and OTR continues to be with us.

Many members like the big band sounds, so will enjoy Bring Back the Big Bands: with Ralph Irene at 7 p.m. Sundays on WUWU, 107.7 MHz Aurora, Wethersfield, New York.

Comedy programs can be heard on Saturday evenings: First at 9 p.m. EST on WBZ, 1030 KHz Boston, Mass., is "The Comedy Show" with host, Jack Carnie; then at 9 p.m. CST on WCFL-AM *, 1000 KHz Chicago, Ill. is another "Comedy Show" this time with Matthew Clement as host.

It's fund raising time again for two public radio stations in Buffalo, New York: WEBR- am 970 KHz has its' drive between April 28 and May 9. If you are interested in answering phones, contact Ruth Cohen (Fans for 17) at 883-6561. WBFO-FM 88.7 MHz has its appeal for funds between May 18 and May 28. If you want to volunteer your time here, contact Maria Greco (business manager) at 831-2555.

Remember, whether you are in the Buffalo area, or live in an area served by a public radio station, show your support by contributing and becoming members. Remember, if you use the service, it is only fair to support it. Only with our support can these programs continue!

Have a Happy Spring! And send any program information on to me.

Joe O'Donnell
206 Lydia Lane
Cheektowaga, N.Y. 14225

*The WCFL sale, expected for some time, may be approved before the end of May



Frank Singeiser reports the news for Mutual in 1949.

RADIO LEADS In MUSIC!

WHEC

LEADS In ROCHESTER RADIO!

Another BIG Sunday!

SILVER AND GOLD 2:00 P. M.

Listen to Rochester's outstanding 30-voice girls' choir under the direction of Suzanne Wigg! Jerry Vogt at the organ! Pianist Carl Pierulli! Songster Jimmy Britton! And genial M.C. Howard Severel! There's music on the air every Sunday! Lots of Hi Listen in!



Symphonette
2:00 P. M.

Plastro

R. Y. Philharmonic
3:00 P. M.



Ferrell



Contested Hour
10:00 P. M.

Stefford

The Cheryllers
10:30 P. M.



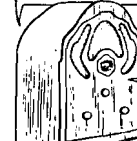
Lowell

The Station LISTENERS Built

RETURN WITH US TO... by 

GANG BUSTERS!

THE NOISY OPENING OF THE RADIO SHOW GANG BUSTERS, FEATURING THE SOUND EFFECTS OF MARCHING FEET, MACHINE-GUN FIRE AND MAILING SIRENS, CONTRIBUTED TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THE PHRASE "COMING ON LIKE GANG BUSTERS."



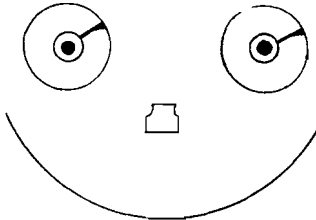
GANG BUSTERS CALL FOR CITIZENS' HELP IN TRACKING DOWN CRIMINALS WAS CREDITED WITH HELPING IN THE CAPTURE OF NUMEROUS PUBLIC ENEMIES.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF LEADING LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS OF THE UNITED STATES, GANG BUSTERS PRESENTS FACTS IN THE RELENTLESS WAR OF THE POLICE ON THE UNDERWORLD...



GANG BUSTERS WAS THE BRAINCHILD OF PRODUCER-DIRECTOR-WRITER PHILLIPS H. LORD.





REEL-LY SPEAKING

BY:Francis E. Bork

Since my first request to club members to build up our radio tape library, I have received more than thirty new tapes which have been listed in the I.P. The Other day three reels came in the afternoon mail from Hy Daly. Good stuff, thanks, Hy. Two days later I received ten more from Tom Monroe. All very good tapes. Thanks again Tom. See Tom I didn't even write a letter to you to complain about a mark on one of the boxes. "Tut, tut" Tom. Lucky I can't spell very well, so all my pencils have big erasers on them. Well, all but one, after I erased that mark off the box. "gee." I just finished listening to the tape of Suspense. Great shows Tom. I'm sure they will be in demand. All the tapes will be listed in the I.P. but not all of them in one issue, so gals and guys don't forget to keep your own record of all the new tapes listed. And how about some tapes and cassettes from other members. Don't let just a few members donate all the tapes and cassettes. Just remember, you can borrow a reel or cassette free for each you donate.

Because of business commitments I'm behind a little in mailing out tapes. As of this writing, I'm all caught up. Sorry about the delay gang, please just hang in there, your tapes are now on their way, catalogs too!

Listed below are this month's new tapes.

R-187 1800' ESCAPE
He Who Ride The Tiger
A Bullet for Mr. Smith
A rough Shoot
Gringo
The Running Man
The Loup Garon
Incident in Quito
Four Went Home
Zero Hour
Back for Christmas
Occurence at Owl Creek Bridge
Crossing Pairs

R-188 1800' JOHNNY DOLLAR
The Sunny Dream Matter
The Eleven O'Clock Matter
The Price of Fame Matter

The Sick Chick Matter
The Time & Tide Matter
The Durango Laramie Matter
The Rolling Stone Matter
The Ghost to Ghost Matter
The Midnight Sun Matter
The Wayward River Matter
The Delectable Damsel Matter
The Virtuous Mobster Matter

R-189 1800' DRAGNET
Stuttering Robber
\$135,000 Stolen Jewelry
Stolen Necklace
\$5000 to Kill
Standord Faults Confession
Big Gun
Margret Kills Charlie
Hazel Rockman's Suicide
Henry Borg Missing
The Wolf
Sixteen Jewelry Thefts

R-190 1800' THE HALL OF FANTASY
Black Figurine of Death
Cask of A^montillado
The Marquise of Death
The Man in Black
The Wild Huntsman
Twisting Weeds of Death
The Automaton
Treasure of Kubla Khan
The Hangmans Rope
The Golden Bracelet of Amoniris
The Hand of Botar
The Stone's Revenge

R-191 1800' NICK CARTER
Perfect Alibi
Missing Street
Exploded Alibi
Devil's Left Eye
Grayard Gunman
Invisible Treasure
Classical Clue
Boy Who Got Lost
Absent Clue
Barefoot Banker
Jewelled Queen
Policy Makers

R-193 1800' JOHNNY DOLLAR
The Baldare Matter
The Lake Mesd Matter
The Jimmy Carter Matter
The Frisco Fire Matter
The Fair Weather Friend Matter
The Missing Missile Matter
The Double Identity Matter
The Providential Hand Matter
The Larson Arson Matter
They Bayou Body Matter
The Fancy Bridework Matter
The Sudden Wealth Matter



THE SHADOW

in

COPYRIGHT: STREET & SMITH TREASURES of BEACH Dec. 15, 1933

CHAPTER I THE VILLON MANUSCRIPT

Gleaming lights formed an endless streak as the taxicab whirled uptown on Fifth Avenue. Terry Barliss experienced a keen zest as he viewed the thoroughfare that he had not seen for a dozen years. This feeling, however, was tempered as the cab swung to the right and roared through the darkness of an uncrowded side street.

In an instant, Terry forgot the interesting glamour of Manhattan. His thoughts became sober. This street marked the end of the glittering ride. His destination lay only a few blocks ahead; there he was to face the sadness of an interview with his aged uncle.

One definite purpose had brought Terry Barliss East from California. He had been summoned here by telegram. He had received the definite statement that his uncle, Shattuck Barliss, had not long to live. Terry Barliss, though not yet thirty, had seen many years elapse since he had met his only living relative.

The grinding of the taxi brakes brought a quick response from Terry Barliss. The cab was stopping in front of a gloomy brownstone house, the front of which was rendered old and decadent by the glare of a street lamp. Terry recognized this as his uncle's home. He alighted from the cab and paid the driver.

Cars were parked at intervals along this street. Terry Barliss paid no attention to them as he stood in open view. He did not realize that eyes were watching him from an automobile less than thirty feet away. Without even glancing at the cab which had brought him here, Terry ascended the brownstone steps and rang the bell. A melancholy dingle sounded from the depths of the house.

The cab was starting away as the house door opened. As soon as Terry had stepped inside and the door had closed behind him, a low word was given in the automobile by the curb. The motor purred easily. The car rolled slowly past the house and followed the direction which the taxicab had taken.

Terry Barliss knew nothing of this. His thoughts were busied solely with what lay ahead. He was in the hallway of his uncle's home, a solemn, quiet place where dark-papered walls and massive pieces of

furniture were revealed only by the feeble light of heavily shaded wall lamps.

The servant who had admitted the visitor was a quiet, colorless individual who bowed as Terry gave his name. He turned and led the way directly to a flight of stairs. Terry followed.

They reached a lighted hallway on the second floor. There the servant knocked. A woman's voice gave the word to enter. The servant stepped aside. Terry opened the door and went into the room beyond.

There were three persons in the rooms. One was a middle-aged man, seated in an armchair. Another was a trained nurse, in uniform; she had given the order to enter. Terry Barliss noticed neither of these; the third person was the one who commanded his attention.

A withered old man lay prone in bed. His visage was as pale as the fleckless pillow slips beneath his head. His arms, pitifully white, were stretched upon the coverlets. Only his eyes seemed living. They turned sharply in Terry's direction. A feeble smile came on the old man's lips.

Terry Barliss was face to face with his uncle Shattuck.

Though years and health placed them far apart, the young man and the old bore a resemblance which was amazing. In every detail, their faces were identical. Both had high cheeks, a firm chin, set lips, and well-shaped forehead. Terry Barliss, the counterpart of his uncle Shattuck, felt that he was seeing himself as he might some day be.

The old man motioned weakly to a chair beside the bed. Terry sat down and gripped the feeble hand that was extended to him. His uncle began to speak, as calmly as though their last meeting had been but yesterday.

"Terry, I am glad that you are here." The rhythm of the old man's tone was almost musical. "I knew that I would live until you arrived--that I would live, although my days are numbered."

"This house, Terry, is your home. It belongs to you as long as I am alive. After I am dead, it still belongs to you--my brother's son. You may keep it or dispose of it. In addition, I have left you a legacy."

Shattuck Barliss had closed his eyes while he was speaking. His ending was quiet and unobtrusive. It

left the impression that it was no more than a mere pause. When, however, the old man still remained with closed eyes and quiet expression. Terry Barliss looked about him in a questioning manner.

Terry was the middle-aged man in the chair. This individual seemed to realize that it was up to him to continue. He arose and extended his hand to Terry.

"I am Rodney Glasgow," he explained. "I am attorney for Shattuck Barliss. He called me here because he expected you to-night."

"You sent me the telegram," reminded Terry.

"Yes," said Glasgow. "It was urgent. Your uncle has told you an unfortunate fact--but one that is very definite. He has not long to live."

"In fact, he is living now, only by virtue of a special prescription prepared by Doctor Fullis, the specialist who is handling the case. That reminds me, Miss Wasson" Glasgow turned to the attending nurse--"that it is nearly ten o'clock."

The nurse nodded and indicated a cardboard box and glass of water that lay in readiness on a table beside the bed. Glasgow glanced at Shattuck Barliss; when he saw that the old man was still resting, the lawyer again turned to Terry.

"Your uncle's estate," declared Glasgow, "comprises this house, its furnishing, his personal belonging, and securities amounting to approximately thirty thousand dollars. The larger proportion of the estate will be yours. The collection of books owned by Shattuck Barliss--Glasgow indicated an inner room with a wave of his hand--"will go to the New York Public Library. These books, while they have not been appraised, are of considerable value to----"

"I understand," interposed Terry. "My father was a great collector of rare books. He gave his volumes to a library in California. He told me that Uncle Shattuck was a collector also."

As he spoke, Terry had arisen and strolled to the door of the inner room. It was a small, well-furnished library, with a towering row of short shelves set in a niche. These shelves were well stocked with books. Terry noted a freshness about the place. Oak-paneled walls and other decorations made the room a contrast to the other portions of the house.

When Terry turned back toward the bed, he was surprised to see his uncle sitting bolt upright.

Shattuck Barliss was pointing to the clock. The nurse, understanding his gesture, produced two capsules from the cardboard box and gave the feeble old man a drink of water to wash down the pills.

Shattuck Barliss managed to set the glass upon the table. The old man seemed to be relaxing for an effort which was to come. Rodney Glasgow spoke to Terry in an undertone.

"Efforts excited your uncle," explained the attorney. "Strain or excitement would kill him. After each taking of the capsules, however, effort is allowable for a limited period, due to the stimulus of heart action. He can exert himself now, if he chooses."

A change was coming over Shattuck Barliss while Glasgow spoke. The old man seemed to have aroused himself from total inertia. His actions were no longer nervous and shaky. He had keyed himself to a point of steadiness. His eyes were bright as the old man looked toward his nephew.

"Terry," asserted the ailing man, "you have heard the provisions of my will. I have been listening to Mr. Glasgow's statements. You have not, however, heard all. There is something which Glasgow has omitted because he knows nothing concerning it."

Terry was tense. So was Rodney Glasgow. Shattuck Barliss had adopted a strong tone that revealed the power of his personality. Years dropped as he spoke. He had the fervor of youth and virility.

"Glasgow has spoken of my library," continued the old man. "It is valuable, yet not exceedingly so. There was but one item in my collection that could be highly prized. Until a few weeks ago, it rested with the other books. When this illness seized me, I removed it to a place of absolute security."

The old man raised his withered right hand and pointed with scrawny finger to a panel on the opposite wall. Terry, understanding his uncle's indication, went to the spot.

"Press," ordered Shattuck Barliss. "To the left--down--to the left--up--to the right--"

His voice became a chuckle as the panel sprang open. A small wall safe showed beneath the spot where the woodwork had formed a covering. Terry grasped the knob of the safe with his fingers.

"Left, three"--Shattuck Barliss, keen and staring, was giving the combination in chiming tones--"right five--left two--right six--"

The door yielded as Terry completed the action. The door of the safe opened. The young man found but one object within--a leather-bound volume, that he removed with

care. He brought it to the bedside. Shattuck Barliss received it and turned back the cover.

The book was very thin. Its pages were of parchment. They were not permanently bound; the cover merely served as container for what appeared to be a precious manuscript.

Terry stared at the title page. It was embellished with quaintly formed characters. Terry recognized that the language must be French, yet it seemed strangely obscure.

"This," announced Shattuck Barliss, as he placed his long forefinger upon the title page, "is the only existing copy of a work which is virtually unknown. There are other such manuscripts, but all are incomplete with the exception of this one."

"This manuscript is called 'Les Rondeaux de Paris.' It contains five ballads written by Francois Villon, the first and greatest of the French lyric poets. The verses were apparently produced by Villon in the year 1455."

"This manuscript is priceless. It belonged to your father, Terry. He gave it to me to reserve for you. Let me explain why its value may be regarded as fabulous--why you could sell it for many, many thousands.

"The first four ballads are found in other manuscripts. The calligraphy--or penmanship--is identical. Evidently all were inscribed at the same time. It is possible that some of those manuscripts were copies, or forgeries. Their value is doubtful."

"This manuscript, however, is unique. It, alone, is complete. It contains the Fifth Ballad--the lost rondeau of Francois Villon!"

The gleam of enthusiasm showed on the old man's countenance. His right hand rested on the title page. Terry Barliss--Rodney Glasgow as well--caught the spirit. They stared in awe as Shattuck Barliss turned the title page to exhibit inscribed lines of verse upon the next sheet of parchment.

"This manuscript is genuine," exclaimed Shattuck Barliss. "All who have seen it have remarked upon that fact. All except one"--the old man's face soured at the recollection--"and his opinion was outweighed. That one was Eli Galban."

"He holds a reputation for detecting forgeries. He maintained that there could be no Fifth Ballad of Francois Villon; that he added verses which give this manuscripts its value are no more than a spurious interpolation.

"But Galban's examination was superficial!" The old man's voice was rising. "Galban made no test:

He called the entire work a forgery. That shows where he was wrong"--Shattuck Barliss was chuckling--"for I had already proven through other experts that the first four ballads were genuine; and they agreed that the fifth must have been inscribed by the same calligrapher."

Shattuck Barliss was turning pages slowly as he spoke. He pointed with his fingers; the other men stared and nodded. They could see the quaint style of the letters on the parchment pages. They were waiting for the climax.

"See these lines?" questioned Shattuck Barliss sharply. "They comprise the first four ballads. They are valuable only because they prove the genuineness of the fifth. Mark these verses well, for I am coming to the final pages, where the fifth ballad appears. You will see them--for yourselves--the lost verses of Francois Villon!"

As he spoke, the old man rested his hand upon the page, in readiness to turn it. Both Terry Barliss and Rodney Glasgow could see that the book had not been opened for a long while. They knew that Shattuck Barliss had kept this treasured manuscript untouched; that the present exhibition had probably been given but seldom in the past few months.

The page turned slowly as Shattuck Barliss raised it. The old man was staring--the other with him--looking for the lines that would commence the Fifth Ballad.

A cry of terrible consternation shrieked from the old man's throat.

Withered hands clawed at the parchment pages; finger nails slipped as they scratched the Villon manuscript. Shattuck Barliss was wild-eyed. His nephew and his lawyer saw the reason.

The page which should have marked the beginning of the Fifth Ballad was a blank. It was merely a sheet of parchment that served as a final leaf to the priceless book!

"Stolen!" cried Shattuck Barliss. "Stolen!"

Those were the last words the old collector uttered. Choking gasps coughed from dried lips. Shattuck Barliss dropped back upon his pillows. A broken spasm of sound was his final outburst.

Staring eyes lost their gleam; withered hands fell useless. A rejuvenated frame became a pitiable human form. The shock had proven too great. In spite of the stimulating dose, the old man had yielded to the strain.

Shattuck Barliss lay dead, the false manuscript of Francois Villon spread--with its blank pages--before

him. The priceless treasure which he had cherished for so many years had gone from his possession.

Some crafty, unknown hand had wrested away the true Villon manuscript which Shattuck Barliss had so closely guarded!

CHAPTER II THE UNSEEN VISITOR

A telephone was jingling. The city editor of the New York Classic reached for the receiver. His voice sounded above the eternal hubbub of the news room.

"What's that, Tewkson?..Yes. ...Yes...All right, I'll send a man out on it."

The editor hung up the receiver and looked about him for a reporter. The first one whom he spied was a frail fellow who was idly puffing a pipe. The city editor beckoned. The reporter hastened to the desk.

"Good story here, Burke," informed the editor. "Tewkson just phoned in about an old fellow named Shattuck Barliss who died from heart failure. Seems that he was killed by the shock when he learned that a valuable manuscript had been stolen."

"Is Tewkson at detective headquarters?" questioned Burke.

"Yes," replied the city editor. "He says that a man is going out to investigate the robbery. You'd better hop up to the house where that old fellow Barliss lived."

"Right."

Burke left the desk. He went from the city room, descended in an elevator and reached the street. He turned directly into a cigar store and entered a telephone booth. He put in a call. The response came in a quick voice.

"Burbank speaking."

"Report from Burke."

"Report."

Briefly, the reporter gave the information that he had received from the city editor. He added the address of the old house which had belonged to Shattuck Barliss.

There was purpose in this report. No one, watching the telephone booths in the cigar store, would have attached significance to the fact the Clyde Burke, reporter on the staff of the New York Classic, had made a brief telephone call. Yet Clyde Burke had performed a most unusual function.

Somewhere in New York, his very sanctuary a place of unknown location, dwelt a mysterious being called The Shadow. A master of detection, a lone wolf who battled crime, this strange personage had a penchant for solving cases which baffled the police.

None knew the identity of The Shadow. He was a master of disguise, a phantom who moved with the silence and stealth of night. His stalwart hand had spelled doom to hosts of super-crooks; yet none had managed to defeat the purposes of The Shadow.

In his ceaseless hunt for crime, The Shadow depended upon information which he received from trusted subordinates who were always on the lookout for new developments. One of his most capable agents was Clyde Burke, the CLASSIC reporter now assigned to the Barliss case.

It was Clyde Burke's duty to send in facts concerning unusual crime as quickly as he encountered it. The brief data that involved the theft of a valuable manuscript was all that Clyde Burke needed. He had sent word to The Shadow.

Clyde had not spoken directly to his hidden chief. Instead, he had called Burbank, The Shadow's contact agent. Whatever news came to Burbank went to The Shadow. Burbank served as a relay worker; he was only one who passed the word along.

Thus Clyde Burke, as he traveled uptown, knew that The Shadow was informed regarding the sudden death of Shattuck Barliss. Whether or not this demise of an old book collector was of sufficient interest for the Shadow did not concern Clyde Burke. The reporter had done his accustomed duty; the rest lay with The Shadow's judgment.

Clyde found a police car outside the Barliss home. He rang the doorbell of the old house. The servant opened it; Clyde announced himself as a reporter from the CLASSIC.

Ushered into a downstairs living room, Clyde faced several persons. Among them was a swarthy, stocky individual whom the reporter recognized as Detective Joe Cardona, ace of the New York force.

"Hello, Joe," greeted the reporter.

"Hello, Burke," came the reply.

"This is Terry Barliss, nephew of the dead man. This is Rodney Glasgow, Attorney. Sit down; it's all right for you to hear the story."

"It certainly is," agreed Terry Barliss. "I'm glad you arrived, Mr. Burke. I am just reporting the theft of a rare manuscript. The discovery of the theft caused my uncle to fall dead of heart failure."

It was plain to see that Terry Barliss had been stunned by the death of his uncle. Nevertheless, the young man plunged into his story, while Rodney Glasgow nodded corroboration. As he talked, Terry held forth the bound copy of the Villon manuscript—the spurious collection of parchment pages that had come

from the safe behind the paneled wall.

As Joe Cardona took the volume to examine it, footsteps sounded on the stairs. The trained nurse appeared, accompanied by a middle-aged man who was evidently a physician.

"This is Doctor Davenport," explained Terry. "He is an associate of Doctor Fullis, my uncle's physician. We summoned him immediately."

"Doctor Fullis is out of town," added Doctor Davenport, addressing Cardona. "He prescribed special capsules for Shattuck Barliss. I find that they have been administered in the appointed doses. They produced the required stimulus that enabled Shattuck Barliss to live until to-night."

"The cause of death?"

"Heart failure. It was to be expected."

All eyes were upon the physician as he spoke. The doctor had entered the living room. The nurse had come with him. No one was observant of what was occurring in the hall beyond. Neither Clyde Burke nor Joe Cardona saw the slight flicker upon the hall wall--the indication that the front door was opening.

"You say," remarked Cardona, "that you expected Shattuck Barliss to die?"

"Doctor Fullis warned me of that fact," nodded Davenport. "He permitted his patient to indulge in some activity following each prescribed dose of medicine. He left strict order, however, that all shocks should be avoided."

"I am somewhat surprised, however, that death should have come so close after the taking of the capsules. They formed a very powerful stimulant. It merely proves that the shock must have been a tremendous one."

"It was," asserted Terry. "My uncle valued his manuscript above all else in----"

"You say this is not the manuscript?" quizzed Cardona suddenly.

"Apparently not," interposed Rodney Glasgow. "Yet the missing manuscript must have been very similar to this one. It was not until Shattuck Barliss had opened it to the final pages that he discovered it to be spurious."

To illustrate, Glasgow advanced and took the volume from Joe Cardona's hands. The lawyer turned the parchment pages. The others gathered close to hear his story. They did not notice the strange phenomenon which occurred in the hallway beyond the open arch that led from the living room.

The dimness of the hallway seemed to move. Out of blackness came a living shape. A tall, spectral figure appeared--a form that was clad entirely in black. Its shape showed the outline of a sable-hued cloak; above it, the spread formation of a broad-brimmed slouch hat.

No countenance showed within that mass of darkness. The only token of the presence that wore the spectral garb lay in the glow which appeared beneath the hat brim. Brilliant, burning eyes shone with penetrating power. They were centered upon the group within the living room. They were the eyes of The Shadow!

The black cloak swished, its sound scarcely audible. The figure of The Shadow disappeared from the arch. With silent tread, the spectral visitant stalked up the stairway. His tall form blended with darkness at the landing.

No one was on the second floor. The Shadow seemed a ghostly creature as he moved toward the half-opened door of the bedroom where the body of Shattuck Barliss lay. A moment later, the fantastic master of the darkness was viewing the pitiful body that lay beneath the coverlets.

The Shadow's gaze was penetrating. His amazing eyes seemed to visualize all that had happened. The cloak swished; The Shadow crossed the room and entered the little library. He viewed the freshness of the panels, the newness of this room, when compared to the remainder of the house.

Back in the bedroom, The Shadow examined the opened safe. He studied the panel which Terry Barliss had removed at his uncle's order. The Shadow went to the bed. He stared at the dead form of Shattuck Barliss.

The box of capsules caught The Shadow's eye. Its label bore the name and address of a well-known pharmacist. The written statement added that the dosage should be two capsules four times a day. The number of pills was marked as fifth.

The Shadow's arm extended. A hand, gloved in thin black, reached toward the box. A slender, nimble finger counted the capsules. There were eighteen in the box. The finger and thumb removed a single capsule.

Some one was coming up the stairs: The Shadow whirled as he heard the thudding footsteps. He reached the hallway and melted from view against a deep-set door. Joe Cardona was coming with Terry Barliss.

Neither arrival saw The Shadow. The two entered the room. They went toward the little library, then returned. The Shadow, from his post,

could hear their discussion, which was evidently a continuation of a conversation held downstairs.

"There is no evidence of any robbery," Cardona was declaring. "You say your uncle cried out that his manuscript had been stolen. Yet neither you nor Glasgow had seen the book before to-night."

"We are working on a dead man's word," replied Terry Barliss solemnly. "I can see your viewpoint, Mr. Cardona. It's a very flimsy case. Especially since my uncle admitted that an expert pronounced his manuscript a forgery."

"It's hard to convince collectors regarding fakes."

"I know it. Yet I feel certain that my uncle was right in his belief that he possessed the genuine Villon manuscript."

Cardona had reached the hallway. He was in sight of The Shadow. Watching eyes saw a shrug of the Detective's shoulders.

"As the evidence stands," decided Cardona, "there is no indication whatever of crime. Shattuck Barliss died a natural death. He may have been completely mistaken about his manuscript. This is not a case for the police."

"Then you advise----"

"I suggest that you make further inquiries of your own. Unless you can produce some proof that something could have been stolen from this house, there is nothing that anyone can do."

Terry Barliss had joined Joe Cardona in the hallway. The young man clearly saw the logic of the detective's statement. Together, the two passed the doorway where The Shadow lurked. They descended the stairs.

When footsteps had dwindled, The Shadow moved. He did not return to the room where Shattuck Barliss lay dead. Instead, he, too, descended the stairs. He reached the ground floor silently. No more than a moving phantom shape, he passed the arch to the living room.

People were talking there. Rodney Glasgow was agreeing with Joe Cardona. The Shadow did not linger. He passed to the front door. His gloved hand turned the knob.

Like a vanishing specter. The Shadow moved into the outer darkness. Only the closing of the door betokened his departure.

A few minutes later, Joe Cardona and Clyde Burke came from the house. They descended the brownstone steps and entered the area of light beneath the street lamp. They did not see the lingering form that watched them from a spot beside the obscure steps.

"Then there's no story," remarked Clyde sourly. "No homicide--no proven theft--nothing but a sudden but expected death of an old man who had not long to live."

"You've guessed it," returned Cardona.

"I came out for a front-page story," added Clyde. "Instead I found an item for the obit column."

The two moved away. Silence followed their departure. Nothing stirred along this street where hidden watchers had seen Terry Barliss arrive at his uncle's home. Then came motion. A portion of blackness seemed to detach itself from the wall beside the steps.

A vague creature of the night, The Shadow flitted from the scene. Patches of moving darkness on the sidewalk were the only tokens of his presence, until the eerie master of the night neared the end of the street.

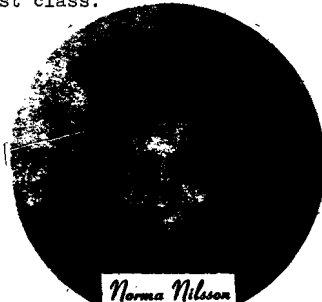
Then, through blackness, came a strange, whispered cry. A sinister laugh shuddered forth a sardonic message. Its weird sound broke and was followed by gibing echoes. There was significance in that amazing mockery.

The Shadow had come as an unseen visitor. Where Joe Cardona and Clyde Burke had found no trace of either homicide or theft, The Shadow had detected possibilities of both.

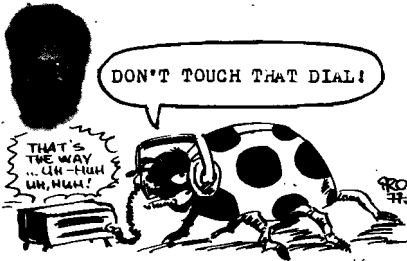
The Shadow knew!

* * CONTINUED NEXT MONTH * *

TAPE LIBRARY RATES: 2400' reel-\$1.50 per month; 1800' reel-\$1.25 per month; 1200' reel-\$1.00 per month; cassette and records-\$1.50 per month. Postage must be included with all orders and here are the rates: For the USA and APO-60¢ for one reel, 35¢ for each additional reel; 35¢ for each cassette and record. For Canada: \$1.35 for one reel, 85¢ for each additional reel; 85¢ for each cassette and record. All tapes to Canada are mailed first class.



Norma Nilsson
"Norma Jean"
Jack Carlson Show



JERRY COLLINS

Once again it's time to delve into days of radio's past.

Most successful radio shows had good as well as enthusiastic actors and actresses, the right chemistry between these performers and good sponsor identification. The show also needed a strong and loyal following.

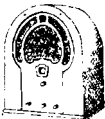
CASEY CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER seemed to fit these standards. On July 7, 1943 the show first came on the air as FLASHGUN CASEY. The show passed through a series of name changes from CASE, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER to CASEY, CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER and finally to CRIME PHOTOGRAPHER.

The show's most successful years ran from 1946-1950. It returned to the air in 1953 as a Wednesday sustaining show. The concluding year for the show was 1955 when it went to atwenty-five minute five-a-week format.

Sponsors over the years included Toni Home Permanent, Philip Morris and the Anchor-Hocking Glass Company. Its two most famous announcers were Tony Marvin and Bill Cullen. John Dietz was the show's director, while Alonzo Dean Cole did most of the writing. Music was provided by Archie Bleyer's Orchestra as well as Herman Chittison and the famous Teddy Wilson on the piano.

Casey worked with the MORNING EXPRESS and was played by staats Cotsworth. Annie Williams, his girlfriend and assistant, was played by, at different times, by Alice Reinheart, Betty Furness, Jones Allison, Lesley Woods and Jan Miner. Ethelbert, the philosophical bartender at the Blue Note Cafe, was played by John Gibson, while Inspector Logan was played by Jackson Beck.

Until next month "Goodnight all."



Kath Perrott

Radio:

"Aunt Aggie" — Judy Canova show
 "Mrs. Johnson" — Alan Young show
 Female Baby — Johnson and Johnson

Screen:

Vaudeville Team — Mother Wore Tights



Myran Wallace

Narrator ABC — Fact and Fiction
 Announcer ABC — Sky King
 "Flamond" — Crime Files of Flamond
 Newscaster — Air Edition of the Chicago Sun



Henry Blair

"Rickey Nelson" in Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet—CBS
 "Skipper" — One Man's Family—NBC
 "Quincey" — Fannie Brice Show—CBS
 "Little Beaver" — Adventures of Red Ryder—MBS

Editor's DESK



I would like to invite all of our new members to send letters of comment regarding our club. How do you like our tape library (good, terrific, so-so), the ILLUSTRATED PRESS (be specific—comments on articles, columns, stories, old radio ads, and pictures) and any other part of our club? Your input is important to us in shaping the direction for our club. Even a simple "Keep everything the same" is helpful in our planning. Thanks in advance for your help.

Plans for our 10th birthday celebration are starting to shape up. Jim Snyder advises me he has lined up "oodles" of prizes for a special contest next year where anyone who enters has an excellent chance of winning something. We will have special issues of the I.P. and MEMORIES and some other surprises planned. Stay tuned.

Letters



"Please look at the attached photostat. It appears that there are some people in our area who do not have honorable intentions. Perhaps you would want to print a warning to the membership to watch out for any "new" dealers appearing in the Florida Area."

Tom Monroe
1426 Roycroft Avenue
Lakewood, OH 44107

ACTION LINE 4/9/84
BY: Amy Shapiro

Q. June 26, 1982 I ordered six tapes of old radio shows from Old Time Radio, P.O. Box 27301, Denver 80227, as advertised in the Saturday Evening Post. My \$26 check was cashed, but no tapes.

I have since written to the firm, the U.S. Postal Service, the postal inspectors, the Better Busi-

ness Bureau, the Federal Trade Commission and the U.S. House of Representatives Post Office and Civil Service Committee.

Old Time Radio won't answer me-- and the other agencies say they can't help me since it won't answer them. The Radio Historical Association of Colorado referred me to you. Can you help? T.M. Lakewood, Ohio

A. We couldn't get an answer from Old Time Radio, either, but we can provide another exciting chapter in this continuing serial.

First, we hit the books. The postal regulation book. They require postmasters to disclose the name and address of anyone conducting business from a post office box. We found out that P.O. Box 27301, closed Jan. 28, 1983, had been issued to Richard G. Abel, 3053 S. Zenobia St.

Next, we got on the horn to Brad Uyemura. That's investigator Uyemura, with the Denver District Attorney's Consumer Fraud Office. He recognized the name and address.

He said that April 2, the D.A. charged Abel with felony theft in Denver County Court for reportedly accepting \$300 from a couple Aug. 10 for a video cassette recorder he said he could get cheap from a store going out of business. The would-be buyers told Uyemura that after numerous attempts, they never could get the recorder, or the \$300.

Uyemura said Abel has not answered the theft charge, and there's a warrant out for his arrest.

We did a little more looking. The manager of a radio station Abel once supplied with tapes said Abel has moved to Florida, leaving no forwarding address. Uyemura said he's informing Florida authorities of the outstanding Colorado arrent warrant.

Stay tuned.

REFERENCE LIBRARY: A reference library exists for members. Members should have received a library list of materials with their membership. Only two items can be borrowed at one time, for a one month period. Please use the proper designations for materials to be borrowed. When ordering books include \$2.00 to cover rental, postage, and packaging. Please include \$1.00 for other items. If you wish to contribute to the library the OTRC will copy materials and return the originals to you. See address on page 2.

Pilot Who Died in Crash Wrote For Eddie Cantor, Sister Recalls

By LONNIE HUDKINS

Raymond Bowes, 67, the pilot who died in the crash of a light plane in Bradford County, Pa., Tuesday while ferrying Marine Midland Bank documents to Buffalo, was once a scriptwriter for the late Eddie Cantor.

"He and I wrote scripts for Eddie Cantor in Hollywood," his sister, Vivian Bowes, recalled Tuesday night at the Voorbees Avenue home in North Buffalo that she had shared with Raymond and another brother, Clifford A. Bowes, who died March 27.

Ms. Bowes said her brother had written 259 radio scripts for Eddie Cantor. For a time, he also served as pilot for legendary Texas oilman Sid Richardson.



Raymond Bowes, right, poses with Eddie Cantor in the days when Mr. Bowes and his sister, Vivian, wrote scripts for the entertainer.

BUFFALO NEWS
4/18/84

Associated Press

Guide to Radio Programs for Sunday, Feb. 12, 1980

	WHEB CBS 1460	WHAM NBC 1190	WSAY 1370	WRNY 680	WARG ABC 920	WVET PBS 1280
8	00 News 15 Charlot Wheels 30 Bethel Full Gospel 45 Bethel Full Gospel	Morning Serenade Morning Serenade NBC Strings NBC Strings	Organ Moods Organ Moods Organ Moods Morning Reveries Children's People	News Hymn Time Pam's Friend Good Samaritan	Revival Hour Revival Hour Revival Hour Revival Hour	News, Conclude Sacred Heart Sunday Salon Sunday Salon
9	00 World News 15 Editor's Chair 30 Music for Sun. 45 L.L. Success Memo	News Children's Worship Christian Science D. & H. Miners	Adventists Home 1930 Victrolas Coffee Concert Coffee Concert	News Church of the Air Church of the Air Kostasausz, Cona's	News Frank, Ernest Voice of Prophecy Voice of Prophecy	Back to God Back to God Church Services Church Services
10	00 Catholic Corner 15 Catholic Corner 30 Church of the Air 45 Church of the Air	Eternal Light Eternal Light Family Time Family Time	Coffee Concert Coffee Concert Jewish Hour Jewish Hour	News-Travel Sunday Sports Sports Jones Four Knights	Lutheran League Lutheran Hour Sunday Services Sunday Services	Radio Bible Class Radio Bible Class Italian Music Italian Music
11	00 Jackson News 15 Howard K. Smith 30 St. Luke's 45 St. Luke's	Church Service Church Service Church Service Church Service	Jewish Hour Jewish Hour Jewish Hour Opera Gems	Italian Echo Italian Echo Italian Echo Italian Echo	Message of Israel Message of Israel Hour of Faith Hour of Faith	Italian Music Italian Music Italian Music Italian Music
12	00 Italian Melodies 15 Italian Melodies 30 Child Amateurs 45 Child Amateurs	News; Courier Courier-Journal Solitaire Edwin Nourse	Italian Serenade Italy Songs Lutheran Hour Lutheran Hour	News; Cavalcade Music Cavalcade Glee Club Waltz Time	News Piano Playhouse Piano Playhouse Piano Playhouse	Italian Music Italian Music Italian Music Italian Music
13	00 Musical Comedy 15 Musical Comedy 30 Capitol Stereo 45 Melody Treasury	Honor Roll Hits Sprouting of Health City Club	Gems of Italy Italian Melodies Italian Hour Italian Musicale	Show Case Show Case On Parade Blue Barron	Comic Playhouse Comic Playhouse Sun Music Time Mello-Aires	Italian Music Italian Music Christian Hour Ukrainian Hour
14	00 Jr. Town Meeting 15 Jr. Town Meeting 30 Glenn Drake 45 Jack Sterling Show	NBC Theater NBC Theater NBC Theater NBC Theater	Musical Journey Musical Journey Polish Hour Polish Hour	News; Party Afternoon Party Afternoon Party Afternoon Party	Callag Dr. Kidner Callag Dr. Kidner Mr. President Mr. President	Polish Melodies Polish Melodies Light, Life Light, Life
15	00 N. Y. Philharmonic 15 N. Y. Philharmonic 30 N. Y. Philharmonic 45 N. Y. Philharmonic	One Man's Family One Man's Family Quiz Kids Quiz Kids	Polish Hour Polish Hour Musical Carpet Musical Carpet	News; Melody Melody Matinee Melody Matinee Melody Matinee	Mazie Mazie Andy Hardy Andy Hardy	Worship in Song Sunday Variations Juvenile Jury Juvenile Jury
16	00 N. Y. Philharmonic 15 N. Y. Philharmonic 30 Gentlemen Singers 45 World in Dates	Edwin Hill Facts Unfilled High Adventure High Adventure	Voice of Churches Keyboard Music Choral Time Choral Time	News; Melody Melody Matinee Melody Matinee Melody Matinee	News Theater of Air Theater of Air Theater of Air	Hopalong Cassidy Hopalong Cassidy Private Eye Private Eye
17	00 Rep. Keating 15 Concert, Victrolas 30 Des. for Listening 45 Des. for Listening	Richard Diamond Richard Diamond James Melton James Melton	Preview Parade Preview Parade Artie Shaw Lipson Close	Happened during wk Serenade Serenade Serenade	Theater of Air Bob Caine The Greatest Story Told The Greatest Story Told	The Shadow The Shadow True Detective True Detective
18	00 Family Hour 15 Family Hour 30 Our Miss Brooks 45 Our Miss Brooks	News; Sports Pin-up Tunes Henry Morgan Henry Morgan	News Guest Star Hour of St. Francis Lipson Close	WRNY-PM Sunset Serenade Sunset Serenade Music with Girls	Drew Pearson Drew Pearson Music with Girls Nick Carter	Roy Rogers Roy Rogers Nick Carter Nick Carter
19	00 Jack Benny 15 Jack Benny 30 Amos 'n' Andy 45 Amos 'n' Andy	Christopher London Christopher London Harris-Alice Faye Harris-Alice Faye	Soft Lights Music Soft Lights Music Soft Lights Music Soft Lights Music	News; Music Music Cavalcade Musical Treasury Musical Treasury	Where There's M'ic Where There's M'ic Amazing Mr. Malone Amazing Mr. Malone	The Falcon The Falcon The Falcon The Falcon
20	00 Charlie McCarthy 15 Charlie McCarthy 30 Red Skelton 45 Red Skelton	Sam Spade Sam Spade Theater Guild Theater Guild	Star Vocalists Star Vocalists Kostelanez Rec. Kostelanez Rec.	News; Classics Classic Requests Classic Requests Classic Requests	Stop the Music Stop the Music Stop the Music Stop the Music	Mediation Board Mediation Board Nat. News Bill Lang
21	00 Corliss Archer 15 Corliss Archer 30 Horace Heidt Show 45 Horace Heidt Show	Theater Guild Theater Guild Familiar Music Familiar Music	Paul Weston Paul Weston Lombardo Records Lombardo Records	News; Records Record Review Royals-Ft. Wayne Royals-Ft. Wayne	Walter Winchell Lionella Parsons Chance of Lifetime Chance of Lifetime	Guest Star Nat. Guard Show Voice of Prophecy Voice of Prophecy
22	00 Variety Hour 15 Variety Hour 30 GOLF London 45 GOLF London	Eddie Cantor Eddie Cantor Bob Crosby Show Bob Crosby Show	Swing Time Swing Time Iron Time Iron Time	Royals-Ft. Wayne Royals-Ft. Wayne Royals-Ft. Wayne Royals-Ft. Wayne	Guest Star Jackie Robinson Sh. Time Was	Star of Week Moon Dreams Enchanted Hour Enchanted Hour
23	00 British Elections 15 British Elections 30 Dance O'Clock 45 Dance O'Clock	News News NRC Dance O'Clock NRC Dance O'Clock	News News Masters of Masters of	News; Sun Out News; Sun Out Masters of Masters of	Music in Dream By Music to Dream By MASC on 24 Hrs.	News Dance Music Dance Music Dance Music



Hanley Stafford, Daddy of radio's most exasperating youngster, exhibits understandable alarm as Fanny Brice, star of CBS' "Tootsies Time," gives him a suggestion of the woe he might face if Fanny portrayed Baby Snooks as twin.



Looks like the beginning of another hilarious clash between "Daddy" and his suicide inspiring offspring.



Hanley Stafford prepares some of his answers to "snook's" questions before "air time."

BABY SNOOKS

CBS, 8:00-8:30 P.M.,
E.S.T., Friday

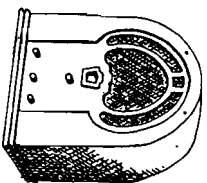


"Daddy" prepares to burst one more blood vessel.



From mental strangulation "Snooks" turns to physical means—the result is always the same.

FIRST CLASS MAIL



THE OLD TIME
100 HARVEY DRIVE

RADIO CLUB
LANCASTER, N.Y. 14086